

Few words are best.

Come buy this new Ballad before you doe goe;
If you raile at the Author, I know what I know.
To the tune of, I tell you but so.



It is an old saying,
that few words are best,
And he that saies little,
shall live most at rest,
And I by experience,
doe find it right so,
Therefore I spare speech,
but I know what I know.
Yet shall you perceiue well,
though little I say,
That many enormities,
I will display,
You may guesse my meaning,
by that which I shew.
I will not tell all,
but I know, &c.
There be some great climbers,
compos'd of ambition.
To whom better borne men:
doe bend with submission,
Proud Lucifer climbing,
was cast very low:
He not stay these men.
but I know, &c.
There be many Foras,
that goe on two legs,
They steale greater matters,
then Cocks, Hens, and Eggs,
To catch many Guls.
in theyr's clothing they goe:
They might be destroy'd.
but I know, &c.
There be many men,
that Deuotion pretend,
And makes us beleue,
that true faith they'l defend,

Three times in one day,
to Church they will goe.
They cozen the world,
but I know, &c.
There be many rich men,
both Peoman and Gentry.
That for their owne private
hurt a whole Cuntry gain
By clothing free common,
yet they'l make as though.
Twere so; common good,
but I know, &c.
There be diuers Baptists,
that to save their fine,
Come to Church once a month
to heare Service Diuine,
The Pope giues them power,
as they say to doe so,
They save money by'to,
but I know, &c.
There be many upstarts,
that spring from the Cart,
What gotten to the Court,
play the Gentlemans part:
Their fathers were plain-men,
they scooe to be so,
They thinke themselves brave,
but I know, &c.
There be many Officers,
men of greate place,
To whome if one sue,
for their fauour and grace,
He must be the their servants,
while they make as though,
They know no such thing,
but I know, &c.

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There be many woman,
that seeme very pure,
A kisse from a stranger,
they'l hardly endure:
They are like Lucrecia,
modest in show;
I will accuse none,
but I kuow what I know.

Likewise there be many,
dissembling men,
That seeme to hate Drinking,
and Whoring yet when
They meet with a Wenche,
to the Taverne they'l goe;
They are civill all day,
but I know, &c.

There be many Batchelours,
that so beguile,
Belov'ing kind Lasses,
use many a wile,
They all swear that they love,
when they meane nothing so,
And boast of these tricks,
but I know, &c.

There's many an Usurer,
that like a Drone,
Doth idely live,
upou his moneys lone,
From tens unto hundreds,
his mounp doth grow:
He sayes he does good,
but I know, &c.

There be many Gallants,
that goe in gay rayment,
For which the Taylor,
d'ld ne'r receive payment,
They rustle it out,
with a gorgeous show,
Some take them for knights,
but I know, &c.

There be many Rogers,
that swagger and roze,
As though they tith'warre had,
seven yeares and more. (bin,
And yet they ner lookt
in the face of a foe:
They seeme gallant sparkes,
but I know, &c.

There's many both women,
and men that appeare.
With beautifull out sides,
the worlds eyes to bleare:
But all is not gold,
that doth glister in show,
They are fine with a por,
but I know, &c.

There is many rich Trades.
who live by deceit. (men
And in weight and measure,
the poore they doe cheat,
They'l not sweare an oath,
but indeed I and no,
They truly protest,
but I know, &c.

There be many people.
so given to strife,
That they'l goe to law,
for a two penny knife.
The Lawyer ne'r asks them,
why they doe so,
He gets by their hate,
but I know, &c.

I know there be many,
will carpe at this Ballad,
Because it is like,
some satire to their Pallat:
But he, she, or they,
let me tell ers I goe,
If they speak against this song,
I know what I know. Finis.